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cease or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely what it is. Let who may exalt, or startle, or fascinate, or soothe, I will have purposes as health, or heat, or snow, has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side, and look in the mirror with me."

"I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise, Regardless of others, ever regardless of others, Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man, Stuffed with the stuff that is coarse, and stuffed with the stuff that is fine,

One of the great nation, the nation of many nations—the smallest the same and the largest the same, A southerner soon as a northerner, a planter nonchalant and hospitable.

A Yankee bound my own way . . . ready for trade . . . my joints the limberest joints on earth and the sternest joints on earth,

A Kentuckian walking the vale of the Elkhorn in my deerkin leggins,

A boatman over the lakes or bays or along coasts . . . a Hoosier, a Badger, a Buckeye,

A Louisianian or Georgian, a poke-easy from sandhills and plies,

At home on Canadian snow-shoes or up in the bush, or with fishermen off Newfoundland,

At home in the fleet of ice-boats, sailing with the rest and tackling,

At home on the hills of Vermont or in the woods of Maine or the Texan ranch,

Comrade of Californians . . . comrade of free north-westerns, loving their big proportions,

Comrade of raftsmen and coalmen—comrade of all who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat;

A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thought-fullest,

A novice beginning expert of myriads of seasons, Of every hue and trade and rank, of every caste and religion.

Not merely of the New World but of Africa, Europe or Asia . . . a wandering savage,

A farmer, mechanic, or artist . . . a gentleman, sailor, lover or quaker,

A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician or priest.

I am he attesting sympathy; Shall I make my list of things in the house and skip the house that supports them?

I am the poet of common sense and of the demonstrable and of immortality;

And am not the poet of goodness only . . . I do not decline to be the poet of wickedness also.

Washes and razors for footsoes . . . for me freckles and a bristling beard.

What blurt is it about virtue and about vice? Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me . . . I stand indifferent,

My gait is no fault-finder's or rejecter's gait, I moisten the roots of all that has grown.

† In other words, according to Whitman's theory, the greatest poet is he who performs the office of camera to the world, merely reflecting what he sees—art is merely reproduction.

Yet it cannot be denied that he has felt the beauty of the material in full measure, and sometimes most felicitously.

A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;

How could I answer the child? . . . I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord, A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropped, Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say Whose?

Or I guess the grass itself is a child . . . the produced babe of the vegetation

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic, And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones, Growing among black folks as among white, Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

The big doors of the country-barn stand open and ready,

The dried grass of the harvest-time loads the slow-drawn wagon,

The clear light plays on the brown gray and green intertinged,

The armfuls are packed to the sagging mow; I am there . . . I help . . . I came stretched atop of the load,

I felt its soft jolts . . . one leg reclined on the other, I jump from the crossbeams, and seize the clover and timothy,

And roll head over heels, and tangle my hair full of wisps.

I think I could turn and live awhile with the animals . . . they are so placid and self-contained, I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God, Not one is dissatisfied . . . not one is demoted with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them; They bring me tokens of myself . . . they evince them plainly in their possession.

When the dull nights are over, and the dull days also, When the soreness of lying so much in bed is over,

When the physician, after long putting off, gives the silent and terrible look for an answer,

When the children come hurried and weeping, and the brothers and sisters have been sent for,

When medicines stand unused on the shelf, and the camphor-smell has pervaded the rooms,

When the faithful hand of the living does not desert the hand of the dying,

When the twitching lips press lightly on the forehead of the dying,

When the breath ceases and the pulse of the heart ceases,

Then the corpse-limbs stretch on the bed, and the living look upon them,

They are palpable as the living are palpable. The living look upon the corpse with their eyesight,

But without eyesight lingers a different living and looks curiously on the corpse.

I knew a man . . . he was a common farmer . . . he was the father of five sons . . . and in them were the fathers of sons . . . and in them were the fathers of sons.

This man was of wonderful vigor and calmness and beauty of person;

The shape of his head, the richness and breadth of his manners, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes,

These I used to go and visit him to see . . . He was wise also,

He was six feet tall . . . he was over eighty years old . . . his sons were massive, clean-bearded, tanfaced and handsome,

They and his daughters loved him . . . all who saw him loved him . . . they did not love him by allowance . . . they loved him with personal love;

He drank water only . . . the blood showed like scarlet through the clear brown skin of his face;

He was a frequent gunner and fisher . . . he sailed his boat himself . . . he had a fine one presented to him by a shipjoiner . . . he had fowling pieces, presented to him by men that loved him;

When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang,

You would wish long and long to be with him . . . you would wish to sit by him in the boat that you and he might touch each other.

It is not possible to compare the feverish, dying sentiment of Tennyson, dying from false indulgence, to the rude, vigorous, and grand if chaotic thought of Whitman, imperfect only from want of development—the poems are alike maimed, but one from loss of parts, the other from not yet having attained its parts. But still they are the extremes—truth lies between them always. What if Columbus had sailed round the world, and made its extremes meet! He would only have been back in Spain again—the true end of his voyage was midway.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Kit Bam's Adventures*, by Mary Cowden Clarke, illustrated. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

*The Magician's Show-Box*, illustrated. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

*Mimic Life*, by Mrs. Ritchie. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

*Extracts from Walter Savage Landor*, by G. S. Hillard. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A LARGE portion of our "Studies among the Leaves," in which we have noticed Browning's "Men and Women," Thackeray's "Ballads,"

"The Mystic," and other poems, by Bailey, "Village and Farm Cottages," &c., &c., &c.,

is crowded out for want of room, but they will appear in our next.

THE temper, therefore, by which right taste is formed is first patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it; it does not trample upon it, lest it should be pearls, even though it look like husks; it is a good ground, soft, penetrable, retentive; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts, to choke the weak seed; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it; it is an honest and good heart, that shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but falls not afterwards; it is distrustful of itself, that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And that pleasure which it has in things that it finds true and good is so great that it cannot possibly be led aside by any tricks of fashion, nor diseases of vanity; it cannot be cramped in its conclusions by partialities and hypocrisies, its visions and its delights are too penetrating, too living, for any whitewashed object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply. It claps all that it loves so hard, that it crushes it if it be hollow.—*Ruskin*.